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The Jew

And Other Poems

By
Frank Newell Atkin



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BY
FRANK NEWELL ATKIN

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And smiled o'er dying states,
This ever changeless Jew.

(Atkin.)

The Jew, and Other Poems

THE JEW.

Damnante quod non intelligunt.

No matter where you seek,
Earth's nations through and through,
For race of men unique,
Not one excels the Jew.

He's old as Father Time;
He's shrewd and brave, I know;
He lives in every clime,
Does this peculiar Jew.

The hist'ry of the earth.
Would have to start anew,
And seek a decent birth,
Without the hated Jew.

He kept his racial traits,
Through rolling years of woe,
And smil'd o'er dying states,
This ever changeless Jew.

He saw great nations rise,
And time their might undo;
As wasting comet flies,
They swept apass the Jew.

He saw their glowing flight,
With wrecks their kingdoms strew;
Then sink into the night,
And leave the waiting Jew.

He fought for every flag,
Where men their rights pursue,
And then was forc'd to beg,
Scant justice for the Jew.

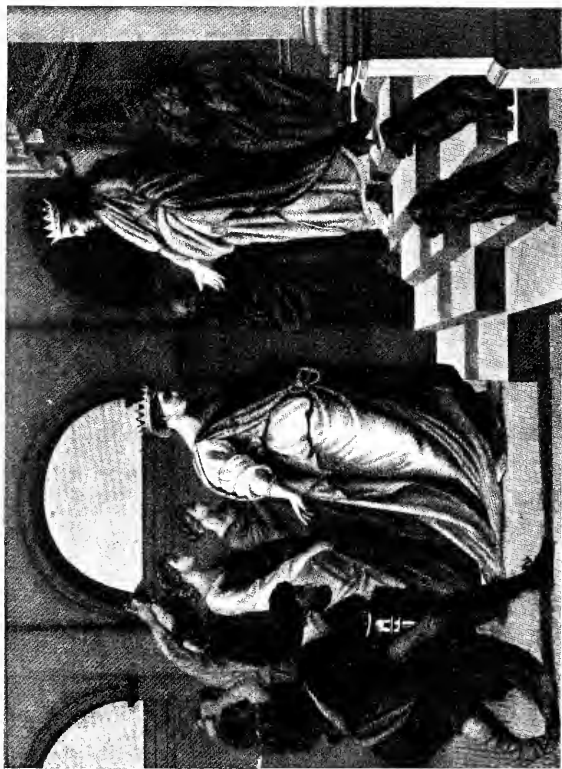
He's done the greatest things,
That mortals ever knew,
And borne the deepest stings,
Has this God-given Jew.

He felt the cruel flame,
And daily stronger grew;
He's damn'd in every name,
This strange intrepid Jew.

He led the darken'd way,
Where mighty tempests blew,
And pointed to the day,
This world confounding Jew.

He touch'd the lowest deeps,
And to the highest flew;
The holy light that sweeps,
All time, is through the Jew.

He felt the foot of kings,
And yielded to the blow,
But knew that mighty things
At last, would free the Jew.



He come to honor grand
In spite of every foe.

(The Jew.)



The tyrant on his throne.
Has scourged the helpless Jew.

(Atkin.)

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

He bore the hated yoke
By Nilus' turbid flow,
Till Heaven's vengeance broke,
The bondage of the Jew.

He came to honor grand,
In spite of every foe;
And rul'd with royal hand,
As only could a Jew.

From Russia's frozen zone,
To Afric's spicy dew,
The tyrant on his throne,
Has scourg'd the helpless Jew.

They've painted him as black,
As ever language drew,
And make their sin a rack,
To crucify the Jew.

And Men of little mind,
Of every moral hue,
Have ever sought to find,
Excuse to rob the Jew.

When subtle trick or skill,
Has foiled the Godless crew,
They often seek to kill
The inoffensive Jew.

No narrow local trend,
Will furnish you a clue,
That you may comprehend,
The mission of the Jew.

The world was black with shame,
And worthy hopes were few,
Until redemption came,
By Him who was a Jew.

Then let the Gentile race,
By all that's good and true,
Repay the debt of grace,
They owe the fruitful Jew.

I care not who they are,
Or what great things they do,
They're from the Christ afar,
Who strike with hate the Jew.

This doctrine may seem queer,
From every pagan view,
For heartless slight and sneer,
Are all they give the Jew.

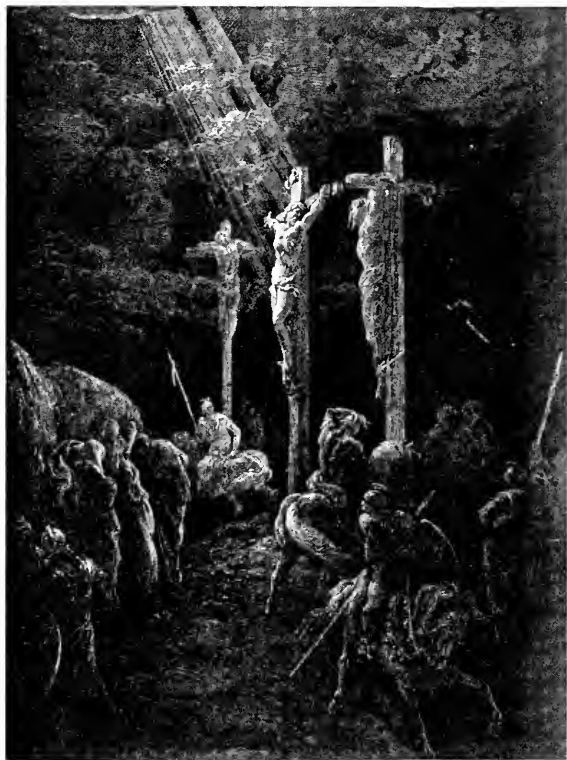
What more in folly's name,
Could any man construe,
Than lay an ancient blame,
Upon a modern Jew?

Now, when a Christian fails,
To give his Master due,
Christ to the cross he nails,
More cruel than the Jew.

This lowest, darkest deed,
Beneath all heaven's blue,
With love and trust betrayed,
Outshames the vilest Jew.

While one through jealous wrath,
The holy Jesus slew,
The coward breaks his faith,
And puts to blush the Jew.

The day is coming fast,
When men for truth will sue,
And tardy peace at last,
Shall crown the hapless Jew.



While one through jealous wrath
The holy Jesus slew.

(The Jew.)

A SMILE AND A TEAR.

A merry smile went flying by,
And met a tear from sorrow's eye;
The smile, his radiant wings drew in
And ask'd the tear where he had been.
To cleanse a bleeding heart, my friend,
For higher hopes and better end.
Sad work, poor tear, that you must do,
To wash sick souls with bitter dew;
My task, from thine, is far above;
I shine and cheer with joy and love.
'Tis true, my friend, replied the tear,
The sun must shine, both strong and clear;
But who could bear him all the while,
With naught but one eternal smile?
Without the cloud; without the rain;
Without the sorrow and the pain,
The world would surely suffer loss,
And many blessings turn to dross.

* * * *

WHAT IS A TEAR?

What is a tear?
A fountain clear,
Whose waters drench and toss
A heart upon its cross.

What is a tear?
A proof all drear,
With wild and bitter flow,
That thorns oppress the brow.

What is a tear?
A solvent bier,
That bears dead hopes away,
And cleanses those that stay.

* * * *

A CURE FOR MANY ILLS.

I saw a vision in the night;
A dream, so good, and grand, and fair,
I thought that holy right was might,
And peace and love were everywhere.

All voices soft; all words were kind,
All deeds were truly wrought in love,
And every one with noble mind
For others' joy and comfort strove.

The high were low; the low were high,
For all upon a level stood;
None asked the wherefore or the why
That made for every brother's good.

Each hasten'd with a cheerful speed,
That selfish people never know,
To ferret out the poor ones' need
And soothe the bitter pangs of woe.

All men were true, all women pure,
And every home a haven sweet;
For youth and age had found the cure
Of ill—the golden rule complete.

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

THE VOICE OF GOD.

*And Adam said, I heard Thy voice in the Garden,
and was afraid.*—Gen. 3:10.

O'er deep and awful things
Beyond our mortal ken,
There is a voice that rings
In all the hearts of men:
The voice of God.

From lowly cottage life;
From throne and palace grand;
From marts of trade and strife
Men hear and understand
The voice of God.

The low and petty thief;
The bloody man who kills;
The sad and lonely waif;
Have felt its tender thrills:
The voice of God.

From ships that oceans sail;
From islands of the sea;
From mountain top and vale,
The sinful strive to flee
The voice of God.

Of all the hopeful joys,
That soothe the breasts of men,
There's one that never dloys
Nor fails, nor ever can:
The voice of God.

Tho' dark the night and sad;
Tho' rough the road and drear;
There's this to make us glad,
And lead the way, and cheer:
The voice of God.

Nor sin, nor shame, nor crime,
That call can ever still,
As o'er the hills of time
It breathes a holy will:
The voice of God:

And men who fail to heed;
And men who scorn to care
Will find in this their meed
Of sharpest woe to bear:
The voice of God.

* * * *

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

I saw a lovely little one,
So innocent and fair,
Just as the day was done,
Begin her evening prayer.

While thus she knelt and softly pray'd,
Close by her mother's side,
In flowing robes of white array'd,
What sins could she confide?

Her voice was gently low and sweet;
Her words like music rare;
On wings of loving trust, complete,
Came forth that little prayer.

"Our Father in Heaven," she said,
And humbly bowing low;
I stood and deeply wondered,
How far that prayer would go.



She knelt and softly prayed, close by her mother's
side,

(Atkin.)

O, world! O, far off world of woe!
Could aught so weak be heard,
If every voice, at once, should flow,
With every human word?

"Our Father in Heaven," it went,
Than light, far swifter flew;
All space and time were quickly rent,
To pass this message through.

Above that great and blessed throng,
And shout of cherubim;
And passing o'er seraphic song,
'Twas truly heard by Him.

Above the glit'ring hosts of light;
Up to the very throne;
From that far distant world of night,
The Father heard His own.

* * * *

IF I WERE KING.

If I were King,
And you, my subject true,
This one great thing,
Would I command you do,
If I were King,

Your lips guard well,
In every little thing,
And nothing tell
With bitter words that sting.

If I were King,
And you, my subject true,
Did not this thing,
My sword would pierce you through,
If I were King.

* * * *

PROFANITY.

To speak the name of Heaven's King,
In wrath, or jest, or lie,
Is but a wicked, senseless thing,
For any man to say.

Upon the young, it leaves a stain,
That time and age will show ;
And naught may ever cleanse again,
The heart from such a blow.

To take that sacred name in vain,
Is sin without excuse ;
No pure and upright man, if sane,
Will stoop to such abuse.

* * * *

HELLLO, BILL !

Hello, Bill !
How fares the road to-day ?
If you should strike a hill,
Just climb it right away.

Hello, Bill !
I know you'll stand the test,
With grit and steady will
And do your very best,

Hello, Bill!
The fight is fierce and grand,
And we are in it still;
Just let us shake your hand.

Hello, Bill!
Pass on that sunny smile,
And like a mountain rill,
Pour out that song the while.

Hello, Bill!
There never was a day,
So dark that it could kill,
Or hold an elk at bay.

Hello, Bill!
Just see the light ahead,
And with a gladsome trill
Keep up that manly tread.

Hello, Bill!
We're 'most a million strong;
Say, don't you feel a thrill,
To see them move along?

* * * *

TIME SWIFTLY FLIES.

Time swiftly flies!
Thy heart, so slow and dull,
Heeds not the loos'ning ties
That soon will cease to call.

Time swiftly flies!
And loving faces fade
Beneath the dark'ning skies
Where life's last pain is laid.

Time swiftly flies!
The minutes spread their wings;
Love's call in silence dies,
And leaves regretful stings.

Time swiftly flies!
And hearts that love to-day
Will cease their hungry cries
And leave thee naught but clay.

Time swiftly flies!
Awake! O heart, I pray,
And still those longing sighs,
And wipe those tears away.

* * * *

COULD WE LIVE WITHOUT THEM?

There is a class of men so wise,
And clever in their terms,
There's not a thing beneath the skies,
That they can see but germs.

So, germs we eat, and germs we drink;
The germ is everywhere;
Without a germ we could not wink,
Or see, or feel, or hear.



That every scientist shall kill his brother on the
sly.

(Atkin.)

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

These learned scientific worms,
Perhaps, have had some dreams,
And all the wisdom of their germs,
Is hardly what it seems.

We know that countless germs there are,
That good and evil breed;
The good outnumber, very far,
And on the evil feed.

If Nature by some happy skill,
Should make this rule apply:
That every scientist shall kill,
His brother on the sly;

From every germ and germicide,
Free comfort, then, we'd get;
Tho' all these mighty men had died,
We'd neither grieve nor fret.

We firmly think our big old sphere,
Would fly along as true;
With life as strong, and good, and dear,
And love as sweet and new.

* * * *

THE COFFINED EGO.

What is the circle of thy life?
Its diameter what?
Is it not fill'd with petty strife,
And poor atomic plot?

How far beyond thy selfish schemes,
Thy utmost wishes go,
And narrow, sordid dreams,
And things you wish to have or know.

How like a coffin, cold and dark,
These wormy hopes of thine,
Without a single spark,
Or ray, or trace of life divine!

* * * *

IS IT HIGH LIVING?

Two thousand millions every year,
We spend for drink, without a care;
And in return, what have we got?
An aching head, and shameless sot!

Tobacco next, its fumes unfold;
Twelve hundred millions of our gold,
Go out in quids, or up in smoke
And thoughtless men call this a joke.

To meet the vanity of sight,
Eight hundred million dollars bright,
We spend for jewels, good and bad,
To please a fashion or a fad.

Automobiles, the sporty car,
Outstripping foot and horse so far,
Twelve hundred million dollars use,
Not counting gasoline and fuse.

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

Confections, sweet, do not forget,
Two hundred millions make the debt;
For drinks as soft as summer's breeze,
One hundred millions is the squeeze.

Then medicines, the patent kind,
Sold everywhere to deaf and blind,
Cost eighty millions, now, 'tis said,
To heal the sick and raise the dead.

The harmless little picture show,
So snug and neat, and cheap, you know,
Piles up, far more, in shining dimes,
Than all our mission gift, ten times.

And chewing gum, the human cud,
Just grinds up thirteen millions good,
For this is what the figures say,
We spent last year, or owe to-day.

Hold on, one item we forgot,
Because the least in all the pot;
For Missionary work we spent,
Twelve million dollars, to a cent!

With all this waste from high and low,
For lust, or pride, or senseless show,
'Tis not surprising any more,
That Christ must beg from door to door.

If men would promptly give, each time,
They take a drink, or smoke, a dime,
And tithes of every other needless thing
Church poverty would lose its sting.

THE DARK RIVER.

There is a river dark,
That winds around the world,
In which each human bark,
At last, is rudely hurl'd.

This stream is deep and strong,
And none its might can stay;
It bears the soul along,
In silence and dismay.

There is a river dark,
That you and I must cross;
Our deeds in life shall mark,
The shore with gain or loss.

* * * *

A SICK SINNER'S SORROW.

"Canis Reversus est ad suum ipsius vomitum."

When sickness seiz'd his feeble frame
The sinner loud his grief proclaimed;
He wept, and pray'd and moan'd,
And sought to have his sins aton'd.

The Lord in mercy heard his cry;
The Lord of might who's ever nigh;
Heal'd him, blest him, just as before
That he might live and sin no more.

What then did that poor sinner do,
With health, and strength and vigor new?
Did he now seek the holy way,
And serve the Lord from day to day?



There is a river dark,
That winds around the world.

(Atkin.)



I heard a knock upon my door,
A knock, I'll hear forever more.

(The Jew.)

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

He from that bed quite slowly 'rose;
Put on the same old sin-stain'd clothes;
The same old habits as of yore;
The same old sinner as before.

* * * *

AT MY DOOR HE KNOCKED.

The wind was cold and drear;
The night was drawing near;
I heard a knock upon my door,
A knock, I'll hear forever more.

I loathly went to see,
Whose call this one could be;
And there, before my doubting eyes
Stood Jesus Christ, in poor disguise.

From out the gath'ring gloom,
He came to ask for room,
To lay his weary, aching head,
And just a morsel of my bread.

His limbs were thinly clad;
His youthful face was sad;
His manner shy, and soft, and meek,
As were the simple words he spake:

"I'll work," he said, "to pay,
And do what'er I may;"
"I have no work," I slowly said,
And paus'd to think—he turn'd and fled.

Before my stupid mind,
The proper word could find,
He'd gone into the tempest's roar,
And left me standing in the door.

Yes, standing all alone,
And helpless to atone,
For one unworthy moment's doubt,
That drove my Lord unpitied out.

Forgetful years may fly,
And many mem'ries die,
But that sad night is evermore,
When Jesus Christ was at my door.

He came, a homeless youth,
And sought to know in truth,
If I, His loving kindness bore,
And shar'd the sorrows of His poor.

* * * *

BE KIND TO-DAY.

Be kind, dear friend, to-day,
To-morrow is not yet;
Just love him while you may
And love will not forget.

Be kind, dear friend, to-day,
Nor wait for time nor fate,
That heart may soon be clay
And thou be desolate.

Be kind, sad heart, to-day.
And always trust thy friend,
And this shall cheer thy way
Unto the very end.

TO-MORROW.

There is a land so fair ;
So enchanting and bright.
I wish I could be there,
To share its sweet supernal light.

Though seeming far away ;
This land without sorrow,
Lies just beyond to-day,
And is the home of to-morrow.

Beyond the hard sad way ;
Beyond all life's horror,
Beyond the swift decay,
Forever lies glad to-morrow.

If time would lend his wings,
I gladly would borrow,
And fly from bitter things,
Away to happy to-morrow.

* * * *

TO GROW AND GROW.

For every little deed,
Of kindness that you do,
You plant a deathless seed,
To grow, and grow, and grow.

For every little thing,
That's selfish, mean and low,
You plant a serpent's sting,
To grow, and grow, and grow,

The seed a blessing brings,
And leaves no wound or sore;
The sting, just stings, and stings,
And stings, forever more.

* * * *

THE TIRED MEMBER.

In every church on this sad earth,
The tired member you will find,
And if you take him at his worth
He's of a very selfish kind.

He's weary in some way;
In mind, or body, or in purse;
And yet there's not a day
Escapes his faulting curse.

To go ahead and do a work,
He never has the time or strength;
For that, he always seeks to shirk,
But scolds with vig'rous length.

'Tis wrong to do, or not to do;
There's nothing good enough to please;
A thing is false and it is true,
To him with this disease.

* * * *

WHAT FEAR YE!

Why speak of death,
With quicken'd pulse and bated breath?
Dost thou fear sleep,
And rest, where none shall sigh or weep?

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

What stirs thy soul,
Before the portal of that goal,
And makes thee shrink,
And loth, the cup of peace to drink?

Doth hell proclaim,
Thy bondage in the devil's name,
And seek thy fall,
Despite the Father's tender call?

Let fiends defy,
And all Satanic demons lie,
And hoot and roar,
From gulf to peak of Stygian shore.

They can not still,
The voice that shook Golgotha's hill,
And broke the chains,
That bound us with their mortal stains.

Hark not to fear,
Tho' ghostly shapes are passing near;
Think not of woe,
But coming friend, and fleeing foe.

If thou art clean,
There's naught can ever come between
Thy God and thee,
Through time and all eternity.

Be brave and true,
And thou shalt pass to glories new;
Thy life expand,
Above that quiet slumber land.

NEVER DESPAIR OF THE GOOD.

What makes you sad to-day?
Pray tell the reason why;
Have clouds shut in your way,
And darken'd all your sky?

Or is the load you bear,
Too heavy for your strength,
With none to help you share
The road with weary length?

Have others selfish been,
And left you all alone,
To bear their heartless sin,
And for their faults atone?

You're not the only one,
That frauds have treated so,
And turn'd their backs and gone,
And left them to their woe.

But you must not deplore,
That some are false all through;
Just think of millions more
So good, and grand, and true!

Let selfish cowards flee,
Let fickle fools subside;
Let shallow hearts away,
On folly's slimy tide.

The foam is not the sea;
The wind doth swiftly pass;
And so their vanity
Shall fade like summer's grass.



An old forget-me-not.

(The Jew.)

We can not seek the false,
And hope to find the true;
The evil never halts,
No matter what we do.

* * * *

THEY SAY.

The meanest lying scamp,
That mars our world to-day,
Is that elusive tramp,
The gossips call, They Say.

His food is stealthy lies,
His drink is shame and crime,
He breeds like August flies,
And thrives in every clime.

There is no truth in him,
There is no honor bright,
His light is always dim,
Because he hates the right.

He serves the coward well,
Who shields his vicious way,
In things he would not tell
Except, forsooth, They Say.

There's naught too low and mean,
For crooked tongues to play,
Behind the slimy screen,
Of that old snake, They Say.

He leaves a dirty trail;
He leaves an ugly blot;
And nothing can curtail
This old forget-me-not.

VISIONS OF DYING MEN.

What are the final views that glide,
Before the glazing eyes of dying men?
The things that mem'ry cannot hide,
The pale and grim ghosts of "what might have
been."

What are the burning thoughts that fly,
Like arrows through the hearts of dying men?
They softly whisper, death is nigh,
And all thy earthly loves and schemes shall end.

What ling'ring hope is there to cheer,
And stay the frighten'd souls of dying men?
Just this, the Father's ever near,
Whose mercy wills a chance to try again.

* * * *

HOW SADLY RENT.

How sadly rent,
The seamless robe that Jesus wore ?
Through selfish discontent.
Men tear it more and more.

How sadly rent,
The holy word he left behind,
And much his love had meant
'Til hard the way to find.

How sadly rent,
The creed that beat the darkness down,
By narrow men intent,
On preaching one their own.

How sadly rent,
The holy sacraments he gave;
'Til with their meaning spent,
They claim no pow'r to save.

How sadly rent,
His temple once so fair and grand;
Where all his faithful went,
With loving hand in hand.

How sadly rent,
The golden promise of these years:
Through discord and dissent,
That scorn the Master's tears.*

* * * *

FAITH AND DOUBT.

The man of righteous faith alone,
All foes and woes can rout;
While skeptics sit and moan,
Or tread the arid plains of doubt.

The man of blessed faith is he,
Whose face is to the light,
And strives from day to day,
To put the imps of gloom to flight.

The man of doubts is void of grit,
And swath'd in mist and gloom,
Or filled with hellish fit,
That digs for faith and hope a tomb.

* St. Luke, 19:41.

IN YEARS OF LONG AGO.

Love came to me one day,
In years of long ago;
His face was bright and gay;
His heart was pure as snow.

Love came to me one day,
In years of long ago;
I did not bid him stay,
His worth I did not know.

Love came to me one day,
In years of long ago;
Then sadly went his way
Like life from summer's glow.

If love should come to-day,
As in that long ago;
I would not say him nay,
But bid him heal my woe.

* * * *

LOOK BEYOND.

Things will sometimes go wrong;
And people act so queer;
We wait in silence for a song;
The smile we sought is but a sneer.

The friend we trusted most,
Forgets all tender ties;
The longing love is sadly lost,
And hope deferr'd, unpittied dies.

The way grows dim with fears,
Whose ghostly shapes defy
With horrid threats and cruel jeers,
From which we seek in vain to fly.

The biting winds of woe,
That scorn all human art,
A subtle, unrelenting foe,
Sweep o'er the sick and lonely heart.

From these, now turn away;
Beyond thy shadow'd sky,
Flung wide, are open gates of day,
Where light and love are waiting nigh.

* * * *

THE EPICUREANS.

We want no creeds
With husky seeds,
The Epicureans say;
We want no creeds
Of pious breeds
Upon this passing clay.

We want no creed
To filch our meed
Of mortal ease away;
We want no creed
Or broken reed
Of mental wreck's decay.

We want no creed
With righteous greed
To claim our time or gold;
We want no creed,
We're all agreed
It's useless as it's old.

We want no creed
Is what we said,
And say it strong and true;
We want no creed
Our soul to feed
On devils black and blue

The fact is plain,
We say again.
With all our puny might;
The saddest ass
In any class,
Is he who's always right.

And takes this plea,
For you and me
Upon the way of life,
And says his creed
Is all we need,
To end our woe and strife.

If creeds are true,
And make us do,
The deeds of noble men,
Why do we fail,
And fill the jail,
And crowd the roomy "Pen"?

If creeds are right,
And make men white,
And good, and sweet within,
Please tell us why
So many die
From overwork in sin?

We want no creeds
To tell our needs
To men we know and meet;

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

We want no creed
Our life to read
And dog our wand'ring feet.

We want no creed,
Oh, no indeed!
Nor speech of holy love;
We want no creed
Nor faith to plead
With visions from above.

We want no creed
Our thoughts to lead
Away from earth's delight;
We want no creed
To check our speed.
Or dope our moral blight.

We'll live to-day,
And all be gay,
'Till every joy has fled;
Because 'tis sure,
Beyond a cure,
"We'll be a long time dead!"

We'd have it told,
We're thinkers bold,
Without a guide or chart;
For unbelief
Is sure relief
From reason and from heart!

WHEN CUPID DIED.

Their home was bright and gay,
With love they could not hide;
Until one woeful day,
The day their Cupid died.

Their hearts did thrill as one,
And every wish confide;
And peace was on his throne,
Until their Cupid died.

Their bliss could ask no more,
Their joy so deep and wide,
A gladsome life swept o'er,
Until their Cupid died.

The sun went down in gloom;
The stars did swiftly fade;
The world was then a tomb,
The day their Cupid died.

* * * *

THE PLUTOMANIAN.

Small must this man's prospective be,
Who lives and toils for naught but gain;
Whose head and heart are never free
From Mammon's dark polluting stain.

What kind of God does he extoll,
With every tribute of his heart,
To whom his soul, and mind, and all,
Their richest votive gift impart?

His temple is his counting room;
His holy book, the ledger great;
His altar in that sordid gloom,
His desk, where he doth sit in state.
His god is made of human greed,
And bonds, and stocks, and market rates,
Combine to form his ruling creed
To lure through snares of lustful fates.

* * * *

THE DAMNED.

"In domo Patris mei habitationes multae sunt."

Fanatics since the world began,
Have sought to find the proper man,
Whom God, or human zeal, or fate,
Could damn with pious, gladsome hate.

There is no man like that on earth,
The world of flesh did e'er give birth,
To lie more dark, or viler scheme,
Than this unholy pagan dream.

When man is born, he's sweet and clean;
He has no fault, he is not mean;
As pure as light, he flutters down,
A ray of love from God's high throne.

His childish heart is free from wrong;
His boyish mind is clean and strong;
He knows the way, he knows it well,
Both learning and a conscience tell.

He's born to reign, and also rule;
But first must learn in life's rude school,
That full submission to the law,
Complete a conquer'd self must show.

If this he plainly fails to learn,
And shuns the truth with lofty scorn,
And turns his back upon the light,
And wanders off into the night,

Pray, who's to blame for this sad state?
Can this, we lay at heaven's gate?
Or can we say he's not to blame
Who clothes himself in rags of shame?

Who damns this man, now tell me true?
The loving God, or is it you?
Who says, for him all hope is fled?
Who says, for him all mercy's dead?

Who says, for him there'll never be
Another chance the light to see;
Another dawn upon his heart,
That love eternal may impart?

Who says, for him the broken reed,
All torn with pain and bitter need,
The father's face has never smil'd,
On such a wayward wand'ring child?

Though prodigal repenting loss;
Or dying thief upon the cross;
Or Rahab who was kind to foes;
On such did mercy's gate e'er close?

Think you, a star that's lost its way,
And downward flies in wild dismay,
From radiant heights to abysmal deeps,
Escapes the eye that never sleeps?

Does science not the truth proclaim,
That wand'ring stars of every name,
Return, at last, from erring course,
In meek obedience to their source?

HE REMAINS.

On every Moslem tomb, we're told,
Inscrib'd in letters large and bold,
Is this great truth, which naught restrains:
The God Almighty, He remains.

Men pass as ships in starless night,
And swiftly fade from mortal sight,
Regardless of their joys or pains,
The God Almighty, He remains.

Strong nations quickly shoot to bloom,
Then helpless sink into the tomb,
Wrapt in their glory and their stains,
The God Almighty, He remains.

O'er solemn shroud and winding sheet,
The symbols of our last defeat,
This deathless truth, all potent reigns;
The God Almighty, He remains.

Proclaim this fact, and write it deep,
For every soul that now doth weep,
Whate'er its loss, it this retains:
The God Almighty, He remains.

* * * *

TOO BUSY.

Too busy for a thought
Of quiet peaceful joy;
Too busy now for naught
Except some transient toy.
Is that you?

Too busy all the way
Forgetting God and man;
In work or idle play,
Just filling out your span.
Is that you?

Too busy, oh, how sad!
Too busy to be dear;
Too busy to be glad,
We hear it everywhere.
Is that you?

Too busy with your schemes
Where mammon holds the sway;
Too busy with your dreams
To seek the better way.
Is that you?

Too busy seeking styles,
That mar the human form;
Too busy seeking smiles
Your vanity to warm.
Is that you?

Too busy with the news,
The village gossips give;
Too busy with your views,
How others ought to live.
Is that you?

Too busy for a pray'r;
Too busy for a song;
Too busy to declare,
For right against the wrong.
Is that you?

Too busy in the strife,
Of low or selfish love ;
Too busy for the life,
Which leads the heart above.
Is that you?

At last, on some sad day,
When life's swift end draws nigh,
Will you then calmly say,
I have not time to die?
No, not you.

* * * *

THERE IS NO REST.

Through all the countless spheres that range,
There is no rest, except in change,
There is no pause, not e'en to die,
For still their fragments onward fly.

Your search is vain, there is no rest ;
The sun goes down into the west,
To chase the clouds and gloom away,
And guild the east with new-born day.

There's not a thing from small to great
That can escape this order'd fate ;
This law doth reign where'er you go,
A God all-wise hath made it so.

If rest you seek from active use,
You'll find in nature no excuse,
She warns in all and every way,
That idle rest is but decay.

If water rests in lake or pool,
It dies and stinks, which is the rule;
And when a tree its growth achieves,
It drops its sear and lifeless leaves.

And if your heart should stop to rest,
The grave would claim you for a guest;
And so it is, that rest, is rust,
And rust will speed you to the dust.

* * * *

THE MEN I OWE.

No matter where, or when I go,
I meet some anxious man I owe;
Some greet me with a hopeful smile,
And others scowl and show their bile.

On every side of every street,
These trustful men I daily meet,
Of many trades, and not a few,
And each one seems to want his due.

The butcher big, and baker fat;
The tailor slim with bosom flat;
The grocer pink, and long, and thin;
The druggist with the parchment skin.

The doctor who doth live on hope,
And little gun, with load of dope;
The dentist with a thousand tricks,
Your teeth, or gums, or mouth to fix.

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

The gas man, with his grip so strong,
The ice man, with his nasal song;
The coal man, who, my soul doth try,
With weight too low, and price too high.

The plumber, O, that autocrat!
Who makes you shrink into your hat,
And shake with fear and icy chill,
When he presents his lordly bill.

The dairy man with what doth seem,
The milk of cows, but shy of cream;
No matter if he milks the pump,
He wants his pay right on the jump.

The man who built the pretty tomb,
Doth pass me with reproachful gloom,
Which seems unkind, I'm bound to own,
Since mas-in-law should have a stone.

Unerring as a blood hound's scent,
The man who comes around for rent;
All these and many, many more,
Bring in their lengthy bills, a score.

I greet them all and try to smile,
And pass the day in cheery style,
To make them feel a hopeful ray,
That I will come around—some day.

WRINKLES

At wrinkles never rail,
Their cause you do not know;
And they might tell a tale,
To shame you through and through.

An honest wrinkle tells,
Of striving soul within,
Whose love it never sells,
For selfishness or sin.

The wrinkles, many say,
Are just the tracks of age,
That mark the closing day
Of simpleton and sage.

And yet, I still contend,
It is the vital force,
On which we must depend
To find their proper source.

A wrinkle never shows
In wax, or wood, or stone;
And every body knows,
It comes to man alone.

And thus, 'tis plain to see,
It is the trail of life
That wears its burning way,
Through flesh, in mortal strife.

The sweetest face on earth,
With wrinkles everywhere,
Is hers who gave me birth,
My kind old mother dear.

I'd rather kiss that face,
With countless wrinkles strong,
Than all the youthful grace,
That ever come along.

* * * *

THE KISSING CURE.

There was a man in our old town,
His name, I think, was Peter Brown;
He had a scolding wife, I'm sure,
He tried for year and years, to cure.
He'd fuss, and storm, and rave, and roar,
He'd try to bribe, and scowl—and swore;
He'd smile, and sulk, and joke and grin,
But could not cure her awful sin.
At last, one day he thought of this:
"I'll say no more, but try a kiss."
So every time he saw a cloud;
He'd kiss her long, he'd kiss her loud,
He'd kiss her hard, he'd kiss her fast,
Until the brewing storm had passed;
And thus, with kisses fired straight,
In countless numbers at his mate,
All acid left her nature pure,
And love then crowned the "Kissing Cure,"
And now, O man, whoe'er thou art,
Just take this lesson to thy heart:
No woman's sin can long endure,
That magic balm, the "Kissing Cure."

THE MEROZITE.

A Merozite is he who shirks,
With one excuse or other;
His brain or hand he never works,
For neighbor, friend or for brother.

His own affairs, alone, he heeds,
And these are all for selfish end;
He never thinks of others' needs,
Or kindly helping hand to lend.

He has but one consuming thought,
And that is for himself alone;
All other earthly things are naught,
If he can just achieve his own.

No matter what the case may be,
You might as well appeal to wood,
Because you cannot make him see,
That any gen'rous deed is good.

* * * *

GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT.

In golden trustful days of old,
We often hear it plainly told,
That every man from guilt was free,
Until his friends its proof could see.

But now, alas! 'tis changed around,
And every man is guilty found,
Until he proves beyond a doubt,
He's not a rogue or lying lout.

OUR BABY.

O, thou embryonic postulation,
Of hope, desire and high expectation!
Thou anthropomorphic riddle!
As full of harmonies and discords as a fiddle,
Thou physiological, gelatinous concatenation,
Called by philosophical appellation,
Organic functions constructed of minute cells,
Subject to cramp, and croup and many spells,
A compound psychological intuition;
A usurper, of seditious constitution;
An occult energy, surpassing protoplasmic gradation,
In the congenerous elements of orderly creation;
An onward link of sub-angelic race,
To run and rule in cosmic space;
An anti-biolytic bloom,
To smite and chase domestic gloom;
An atom of intellectual essence;
An emotional cataclysm in effervescence,
A mysterious coruscation, by night and by day,
Is this mammalian mite, our baby.

* * * *

“MORTAL MIND.”

*Dedicated to those modern Phyronists who never die,
but just “pass on.”*

When pains of any kind
Do strike your fleshy parts
Like stinging poison darts,
It's only mortal mind.

When fever, croup or gout
Doth burn your very bones
And fill your soul with groans
It's mortal mind en route.

When frosty chills combin'd,
Congeal your marrow fat,
Oh, do not heed all that
It's only mortal mind.

With every nerve unrined,
And every muscle drawn
As if by metal sawn
Tis naught but mortal mind.

No pain can ever find
A lodging place within
A single human skin,
It's only mortal mind.

If old, and deaf and blind,
It's useless to deny,
And say it's all a lie,
Except the mortal mind.

To sleep or drink or dine,
Is just a passing sham
And every man will damn,
Because its mortal mind.

No other law can bind,
To lie, or cheat or kill,
Is but the erring will
Of any mortal mind.

To sigh, or weep, or whine,
Or even yield to death,
Because you're short of breath,
Is naught but mortal mind.

So, after all the grind,
Of fears, of death, and sin,
We now, at last, begin,
To learn it's mortal mind.

And, every ill defin'd,
Is born of vicious dreams,
And is not what it seems—
It's only mortal mind.

The biggest chunk, my friend,
Of sin that lies around,
And blights your holy ground,
Is Mammon's mortal mind.

* * * *

WORK.

O, blessed work!
Kind heaven's tender gift sent down,
And they who shirk
Thee, lose both peace and honor's crown.

O, blessed work!
The mighty King upon his throne,
Who will not lurk,
But speeds the wheel of progress on.

O, blessed work!
The only tonic that can calm,
In light or dark
And save what idleness would damn.

* * * *

TOO HOT.

Too hot to eat, too hot to sleep,
Too hot to laugh, too hot to weep;
Too hot to work, too hot to play,
Too hot to live by night or day.

Too hot to think, too hot to feel,
Too hot to stand or lie or kneel;
Too hot for any earthly use—
Too hot! is every one's excuse.

Too hot for church, too hot to pray,
Too hot to seek the narrow way;
Too hot to preach, too hot to sing,
Too hot for any mortal thing.

Too hot to love, too hot to hate,
Too hot to seek, too hot to wait;
Too hot! Too hot! We hear it loud
From all the selfish, grumbling crowd.

Too hot! too hot! the plaintive cry,
From every sinner passing by;
Too hot for aught but self's desire—
Too hot to flee a hotter fire!

THY WILL BE DONE.

Thy will be done!
How simple 'tis to say,
But is the vict'ry won
In that short way?

Thy will be done!
From careless lips arise;
The work is ne'er begun
With heartless cries.

Thy will be done!
The listless soul doth pray,
Then quickly seeks to shun
The selfless way.

Thy will be done!
But make it easy, Lord,
Until my race is run;
Would such be heard?

* * * *

TWO WAYS—ONE ENDING.

The miser wears his life away,
To pile the shillings high;
The spendthrift turns the night to day
And makes the shillings fly.

The first did sadly sin
In loving yellow dust;
The last a bitter curse did win
Through dissipating lust.

And, thus, 'tis plain to see,
The ways of men may cross,
But in the end, they all agree,
In deeds of gain or loss—

* * * *

THE MAN AND THE MASSES.

How often do we see,
A man of mean degree,
In highest places stand,
With self conceit, so grand.

By subtile trick, or fate,
Or party faith, or hate,
He's carried into place,
Without a saving grace.

He trades in passions low,
With gab in endless flow,
And gets the public ear,
And works the people dear.

Strong men must stand aside,
And for their country's pride,
In silence blush with shame,
While fools defile her name.

"Oh! let the people rule!"
Yes, like the dunce at school;
They've ever been the slave,
Of some big mouthed knave.

No vote of any size,
Can make a statesman wise,
Or help the dumb masses,
Make angels of asses.



Just as thy Master knelt in prayer
Upon the cold and barren stones.

(The Jew.)

THY GETHSEMANE.

A Lenten Ode.

In shadows of Gethsemane
Thy heart shall drink the cup of woe,
And bow in agony
That none but God shall know.
Just as thy Master knelt in prayer,
Upon the cold and barren stones
Thou, too, must enter there
With sighs and tears and groans.
And as He fought with powers great
And drank that bitter cup for all
That night will shape thy fate;
Thy soul shalt rise or fall.
It may be care or sickness dire,
It may be long farewells that slay
Thy heart till hope expire
And blackness shroud thy way;
Or bitter words, or cruel acts;
Or things that conscience will not hush;
Or stern and deathless facts
Thy spirit seem to crush,
Or loving duties left unwrought
Through selfish weakness low,
And all the Master taught
That each his work might know.
O, friend! take heed to this, I pray,
When thy Gethsemane shall come;
His love alone can stay
The storm of hopeless doom;
His gentle arm can bear thee up;
His mercy soothe thy fainting heart;
He holds the testing cup;
He bore the greater part.

OMNIA VANITAS.

Now, look, my friend, look well, 'tis there,
In that dark hole of mother earth ;
The shadows of our deep despair ;
Will tell the tale of mortal worth.
Beneath those chilly sodden stones,
Away from life, and light, and air,
Now lie the softly crumbling bones,
Of one so strong, and brave, and fair.
Thy blood may chill, but look again,
And bid thy throbbing heart be still,
Nor heed the wild and cruel pain,
That reason thwarts, but doth not kill.
Bid reason hence, let faith supreme
Thy courage arm and make thee strong
To witness here, no madman's dream ;
A state like this shall be thine own.
A lesson here thou shouldest learn,
That human flesh is frail and weak,
And pride doth loathe and hotly spurn,
The mighty truth I fain would speak.
Beneath that warp'd and grimy lid,
Where nauseous fumes and odors rise,
Consuming gas and sharp acid,
Outwit the good, and strong, and wise.
Now see the skin to blackness turn'd,
More somber than it's gruesome bed ;
The marble brow is stain'd and burn'd
By drops of slimy earth o'er head.
They slowly fall into the eye ;
Dissolve the lid and drive the ball
Aback, until it now doth lie,
Upon the lifeless brain ; worms crawl
Within the sockets of the skull
And gloat upon their fallen foe ;

THE JEIV, AND OTHER POEMS

The rosy cheek, once fair and full,
Of life and mirth, now grins with woe;
And sever'd clean the ragged bone;
The pearly teeth with mould and clay
Are cover'd thick, like moss on stone,
That had in slime for ages lay.
The brain, the throne of thought, doth lie
A rotten mass, too cold to heed the sting
Of insects at their ghoulish prey
Upon the flesh of this poor King.
The heart, that central source of life,
Where love, her holy incense burn'd,
Now floats in dark corruption rife,
The fate of all that love hath mourn'd,
The tongue, once warm and eloquent,
With sweetest harmonies of thought,
Is from its roots, most sadly rent,
And all its might is turn'd to naught,
The gentle hand with magic touch,
Has vanish'd into common clay;
Can'st thou not think of thine as such
When brought beneath death's cruel sway?

* * * * *

At last, when death itself is dead,
Then vanity shall be no more,
Each mortal in his silent bed,
And not a man from shore to shore.

* * * *

BEQUEATHED TO THE DEVIL.

In England many years ago
An unbeliever wished to show,
While in a raging fit,
His great satanic wit.

He own'd a farm, both large and fine
With grain, and fruit, and herds of kine;
A land beyond compare
With plenty and to spare.

At last, he came to face the dust,
And had to die, as all men must;
His will he made secure
To last while years endure.

He hated God, he hated man,
He hated all that hatred can,
Of things upon this earth
That love and light gave birth.

He had no kin that he could trust,
He knew no friend, but greed and lust
And vow'd the sordid crown
His wealth should never own.

'Tis strange, but true it is to tell
His farm he will'd to the devil,
His soul and body, too,
Into this gift he threw.

The highest court in English land
Has said, this will must ever stand
Appeal can naught avail
To break this strange entail.

The devil owns that farm to-day
But all its worth has pass'd away;
Its beauty long since fled;
Its herds of kine are dead.



The devil owns that farm to-day.

(Atkin.)

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The devil's own! how truly plain,
Where everything that's good is slain
With naught but thorns and weeds
And countless evil seeds.

Not only lands and stocks and gold;
Do daily join the devil's fold;
To Satan bequeathed! Oh, friend!
E'en souls to this descend.

* * * *

THROWING STONES.

Yes, throwing stones,
In bitter tones,
And crushing hearts that ache
Is just the way the evil take,
To get their mite
Of vicious spite.

To cast a stone,
There's one alone,
The Master said that might begin;
'Tis he who's truly free from sin;
If here about,
Let him step out!

* * * *

THE OPEN GATE.

There is a plaintive cry;
The burden of a sigh;
We hear it more and more,
It flies from shore to shore.

It echoes down the years ;
It throbs with ghostly fears ;
It quakes with chilling cares ;
Is bath'd in bitter tears.

There is no cry more rife ;
Than this sad cry for life,
From hungry souls that seek,
From yearning hearts that break.

And this it pleads to know,
If aught in truth can show :
Is death an open gate,
Or solid wall of slate ?

Have faith, my fickle friend ;
For death is not an end ;
'Tis folly to bemoan,
This seeming wall of stone,

Before his birth, could man,
Tell where this life began,
Or have a single thought,
How this great world is wrought ?

The gate through which he came,
Like death, is just the same,
Unconscious and untried—
To all, it opens wide.

What lies beyond the grave,
Unseen through death's dark wave,
Is clear as life's first morn,
The day before we're born.

OBLIVION—AN EPITAPH.

Here lies the dust of Mister Down,
A man forsooth, of great renown,
But what he was, and what he did,
Are seal'd within his coffin lid.

Now, pause, dear friend, before this stone;
'Twill not be long 'till you'll be gone,
And where you are, or how you fare,
Pray who will know, and who will care?

Men scheme and plan, both day and night;
They break with truth, and scorn the right,
They swell with pride and vain conceit,
As if they hoped the grave to cheat.

They fight for place, and wealth, and fame;
They sell their honor and their name,
And when the fitful strife is o'er,
They have a bed like this—no more.

* * * *

GOD IS LOVE.

The Great Thought of the Nativity.

Yes, God is love!
The angels sing,
And hov'ring o'er the earth
On joyous wing,
Proclaim love's human birth.

Yes, God is love!
The echoes fly
Around a world of woe,
To low and high,
And ever onward go.

Yes, God is love!
The Prince of peace
Has surely come to reign;
Let hatred cease,
And holy love remain.

Yes, God is love!
This must be true,
The gift portrays the heart
All nature through,
And love gives all, not part.

* * * *

WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

But once, we pass this way;
But once, we have this day;
But once its gifts it brings,
Of good or evil things,

But once, we pass this way;
O, heed without delay;
The message that it bears,
The duty it declares.

But once, we pass this way;
Do all the good you may;
With gentle thought and deed
For every soul in need.

THE JEW, AND OTHER POEMS

But once, we pass this way;
Let every word you say,
And every act you do
Speak for the kind and true.

But once, we pass this way;
For time we cannot stay,
Its meaning read in haste,
Before it flies to waste.

* * * *

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TODAY.

If Christ should leave His throne,
And come to earth today,
Where would He find His own;
Where do His faithful stay?

Where are those gentle sheep,
For whom such love He gave?
In vale, on mountain steep,
Or ocean's rolling wave?

Among the rich and great?
Among the grand and high?
Among the proud of state,
Or where the rabble cry?

Upon the throne of kings;
Or in the warrior's camp,
Where voice of power rings,
And steel clad legions tramp?

Within the marts of trade,
Where men their greed pursue,
And faith and honor fade,
With all that's good and true?

Within the gilded halls,
Where fashion spreads her feast,
And gloats upon her thralls,
And fears the Lord the least?

Beneath the stately dome,
Where justice blind doth dream;
Or in the sordid home,
Where self's the only theme?

Within the churches fine,
Cathedrals high and grand,
Where mitred prelates shine,
And servile priests command?

Among the doctors deep,
In sectarian din,
That makes the angels weep,
And horrid devils grin?

Within the college walls,
Where wisdom's voice is faint
With weak and worldly calls,
To every doubting saint?

The Master, now, would find,
Them where He did before,
Among the pure and kind,
The humble and the poor.

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